









## THE QUEEN CITY.

## REACHING HER HUNDREDTH MILESTONE.

Marvelous Growth of Cincinnati—Her Centennial—Meeting of the American Medical Association—The Speculative Native—On the Streets.

CINCINNATI, May 12.—(Special Correspondence of THE TIMES.) The Queen City is just now engaged in furnishing up her ancient history. Even the school children are being drilled in it, and are required to write out such facts as they are able to gather up from their parents' encyclopedias and certain early histories of Ohio extant in the libraries. It is strange how the world is given to observing particular periods. Whether it be individuals, communities, States or nations they are all given to celebrating birthdays, semi-centennials, centennials, bi-centennials, and so on. Why so much interest should be centered in the hundredth milestone in the journey of the life of an individual, or of a nation or community, rather than in any other it would puzzle most people to answer. Is there a rhythm in human nature as well as in the music of the spheres?

But, without going further into such speculation, it is certain that the present rising generation will be better posted in the early history of Ohio and Cincinnati than the one that has just passed off the juvenile stage. A century has rolled around since a handful of adventurous individuals, moved by certain impulses, which they supposed to be originated within themselves, and all unconscious that they were the instruments in the hands of Providence to found a great city, floated down the current of the Ohio. By some

CHANCE CIRCUMSTANCE they were led to land and camp opposite the mouth of the Licking, the present location of the American Paria. Standing on one of the hills overlooking this great city, it is difficult to realize that the city now before us, the server from the same position would have looked out over an unbroken stretch of forest. But it is still harder to realize that the present is in fact the third city that has been built on the same ground within that period. For, as the generations have passed on and other generations have taken their place, the habitations of past generations have followed them and given place to those of the new.

Within the past few years Cincinnati has entered upon a new era, the agent of which she has more cause to celebrate than any event in her history. But a short while ago her streets were almost impassable. Her police department was made up largely of the very worst elements. And, in fact, every honest citizen was compelled to hang his head for very shame at the condition of things into which she had been precipitated by Democratic rule. But today, thanks to intelligent voters, the Republican party is in the ascendancy, and, consequently, the visitor sees miles and miles of

FINEST PAVED STREETS in the world. Magnificent buildings are springing up in all directions, and the police force is excellent by no city in the country. Los Angeles excepted. Three cable lines now carry the dwellers in Clifton, Mt. Auburn and Walnut Hills to and from the business centers. In a few years the horsecar will be a thing of the past, and even the cable will, I fear, be counted slow.

Strange to say, the average Cincinnati is not boastful of the size and population of his city. He readily concedes the palm to the windy city by the lake, or the big village across the big bridge—but when the census-taker next comes around, said average Cincinnati will wake up to the surprising fact that what he has been all these years sizing up for a calf has become a very fat cow. The next census will demonstrate that Cincinnati has grown more in the last 10 years than in any other decade of its history.

THE SPECULATIVE NATIVE, blind to this marvelous growth and its opportunities, has rushed wildly off after every boom that has been started north, west or south, and has boomed with the boomers, and now he is back wearing a weary, sickly sort of smile when the subject of his investments is mentioned. Those who were keen enough observers to see and appreciate the wonderful growth of the city, quietly stayed at home and invested in suburban acres, and are now reaping a rich harvest that makes a Findlay or Wichita boomer turn green with envy.

ON THE STREETS. I never saw the people of Cincinnati so joyful and contented before. Everybody's health seemed to be improved by the near presence of such a reservoir of medical force as the association presented. Even the halt, the blind and the consumptive appeared to feel a quicker pulse of life as they picked their way up Elm street to Music Hall, where the association met.

Once arrived here you found yourself elbowed toward the corridors of the hall, from whence issued a balmy zephyr laden with the breath of maline, coffee, hopbitters and other nerve stimulants, among which was Mrs. Cleveland's (nee Polonsky) Tonic. These drinks were served up by the glass, free of charge—and the medical gentlemen proved equal to the invitation. One M. D. came up to a stand, condescendingly told the waiter that he promised to try maline, took a whole bottle, placed it under his arm and left.

Arrived within, you found the corridors crowded with patent medicines, surgical instruments, medical books, medical machines, pills, while perched above the marble statue of Reuben Springer looked down some what perplexed, as if it were calculating how many patients each of these celebrated men sent to heaven before he reached his present fame. Seemingly the doctors were

Everybody was jolly, everybody was

noisy, everybody was witty; for, you must remember, everybody was promoting with some other body's wife on his arm, everybody was discussing some other body's specialty, and everybody was conjecturing on some other body's reputation. What a jolly set you are, doctors! I wish you a life as long as that of your least-visited patient will undoubtedly enjoy!

The hall itself was quite monotonous in the way of decoration. The balconies were hung with lengthy strips of red and blue drapery; but, of course, it must be added that, taken as a whole, the sameness of this was somewhat relieved by 300 or 400 bald heads in the auditorium down near the speaker's desk. There were a few lady physicians. The average attendance on the reading of papers was about 600—a shaming audience, dozens coming and dozens going all the time.

Probably the most interesting report of the week, at least to lay-men, was read by the celebrated Dr. E. A. Wood of Pittsburgh. His theme was dietetics, a theme which he claimed was of infinite importance to Americans especially. Among other things he said that the principal object of the savage was to get food, while the principal object of the American should be what food to avoid. In the words of Abernethy, "If Americans would take half the time to eat that they do to draw out their words, chew their food half as much as they do their filthy tobacco, they would never complain of dyspepsia." He was roundly cheered when he said that he thought the

MUSIC OF THE TEA TRAY, singing on the stove, was sweeter in the ears of an ordinary man than the music of his daughter's piano. Dietetics has made the cook an artist, and to satisfy the stomach is nobler than to satisfy the eye. Oscar Wilde to the contrary notwithstanding. There was much laughter when he closed by saying that the principal cause of dyspepsia was dram-drinking.

Our well-known surgeon, Dr. W. W. Dawson, was elected president for the coming year.

Thursday evening the Apollo Club gave a complimentary concert to the visiting doctors of physic. A large attendance, immense enthusiasm, a splendid success.

MEDICINE MADE HIM RICH. (New York Herald.)

At length the closing testimony was taken yesterday before Judge Andrews in the Supreme Court Special Term in the long-drawn-out trial of the suit of Mrs. Walker vs. McDonald.

Mr. McDonald, the leading defendant, a millionaire banker of San Francisco and the president of the Pacific Bank of that city, had come all the way from the Pacific Slope to give his side of the story. He is a tall man, with thin gray hair and whiskers, and answered the questions put to him with promptness.

The interesting feature of his testimony was his cross-examination by ex-Judge Richard Busted, representing an infant claimant. The millionaire stated that he was born in Kentucky in 1820, and conceded the fact that he had been long known as Dr. McDonald.

"Are you a graduate of any medical school?" asked the Judge.

"No," was the prompt response. "And I have no diploma from any medical college. I began the practice of medicine in Illinois."

"Who allowed you to practice?" "You had better go there and find out," in an emphatic tone.

"I want a more direct answer." "I don't know that anybody allowed me."

Continuing his testimony Mr. McDonald stated that after practicing medicine four years in Illinois, he went, in 1849, to California, and there resumed his medical practice.

"How were you allowed to practice medicine in California?" asked the Judge.

"I practiced," replied Mr. McDonald, "and no questions were asked. There was no law on the subject," and then he added in a tone of evident mingled pride and regret, "I took a course of lectures and reading, and I would have graduated but I did not have money enough."

Mr. McDonald, in response to other inquiries, outlined his business career. He went into the drug business and hired Dr. Spencer, his present partner, to become his clerk. They went into the sale of the patent medicine in question, and took in \$1000 a day. He bought himself Pacific Bank stock till now he owns a good share of the stock, and is the president of the bank.

Mr. Walker described as a shiftless man, who could not keep money, and sunk over \$200,000 in a patent pump, instead of investing it in Pacific Bank stock and real estate, as he advised him to do.

Judge Andrews gave the counsel 60 days in which to submit briefs.

COUNTRY AND CITY LIFE. (Judge Tourgee in Inter Ocean.)

The self-reliance and deliberation and consequent strength which a country life develops furnish the chief reason why the men who dominate thought and flex the current of history so rarely come from the city. In politics, literature, and even art, of any strong and noble sort, it will be found by examination that the city can really claim but little. It may refine and temper. Quite as usually it corrupts and dulls. At all events, great results rarely come from those whose thought it has shaped from the first. The city is a school from which only one whose character is shaped and set can expect to derive great advantages. Even in the domain of business it is rarely the city-bred financier who becomes the "king of the street" and controls the course of monetary affairs. The man who from boyhood is taxed each day to keep abreast of the current very seldom grows strong enough to outrun the tide. He becomes its creature, not its master. He has not time to take soundings or keep a lookout. He simply watches his fellow who in turn watches him, until both are caught among the breakers. The Goulds, Vanderbilts and Rockefellers, who are from time to time the dominant forces in the world of speculation, are very rarely the product of the city. They have learned to study cause and effect where events did not follow each other so rapidly. They become kings of finance because they were first onlookers, and found that the skilled navigator is he who studies his chart and compass, and not the man who watches his neighbor and shifts his sails according to what another manages the helm. He has learned that what is termed the general tendency of trade is, in most cases, merely a result of habitual, almost servile, imitation.

## LETTERS TO THE TIMES.

## "Hefty" and the New Aladdin.

LOS ANGELES, May 18.—[To the Editor of THE TIMES.] Previous to your graphic but somewhat satirical description of the "New Aladdin," I presume, had you been more fully acquainted with the nature of the metallic majesty of this modern genii, vulgarly called "hefty," you would have toned down somewhat the severity of your strictures. It evidently did not occur to you that the dictated matter which appeared in the Herald of the 14th was the simple effusion of a "heat-oppressed brain." It is regretted by his most intimate acquaintances that his constitution should lean to the right, and his flights of research so undeniably above the reach of ordinary mortals. It is said that in the capacity of a planet surrounded by his satellites, his colossal instincts of imagery in all the various phases of metaphysics and pathos, flash from his brain, and are embodied in such marvelous rays of brilliancy that all who hear him look on in silence and in awe, and that at times during these visionary outbursts one is led to believe that he was the actual Brontes, with his hosts of Cyclopes, who assisted Vulcan in forging the renowned thunderbolts of Jove, and that it was his mighty name that prevented the destruction of Phaeton. At another time it was he who manipulated and prepared the contract for paving the streets of the New Jerusalem: it was the seat of his profound vacuum from whence came the mighty scheme, as portrayed by St. John in the Revelations, of selecting the rare gems and precious metals necessary for the consummation of the millennium. He was the moving spirit of this great apostle, and the reminiscence of the vision never left him. He was predestined in the evolution of events to unravel the mystery of the dream of Clarence, may not be generally known, but Hefty was at the elbow of Shakespeare, when he penned that portion of Richard III, where the bard so tragically related the details of the dream, and as he wrote, "Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks, ten thousand men that died like sheep, upon," Hefty cried aloud, "Hold on, there! throw in — wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearls, inestimable stones, unvalued jewels;" and the bard did throw them in, and they lay scattered in the bottom of the sea.

After the recital of such events as these, one is bound to give credence to his modest remarks on the rich metallic ruins of California, for when the magician visited Catalina, at the point of this vast, magic-contorted remnant of his marvelous conjurations dominant in his "prophetic soul," he evidenced by his exclamation that "There is more wealth in the vicinity of Los Angeles than in all the rest of the world," for it was there he saw down in the deep blue waters, the shells and commencement of a vein of precious minerals 600 miles in width. He saw the source from whence it sprang. He saw the bituminous and carboniferous formations; he saw the silica when in the shape of fibres of water; he saw the chemical results of past ages, the evaporation of mighty volcanoes, the creation of immense fissures that absorbed the waters which fed the fiery elements, and he saw the residue was gold. And from the depths of the great Pacific at the point of this vast, magic-contorted remnant of his marvelous conjurations he turned and gazed upon Old Baldy, and he cried in his might, "I have found the source of this creation," and with the all-powerful lens wherewith he penetrated the mighty deep, he penetrated also the secrets of the snow-capped Emperor of the Sierras. He visited the cañon of San Gabriel, and while the old man slept he sneaked the noted horn, and with that horn he blew a blast that shivered the mountains and divulged their hidden mysteries, and as he looked down from the highest summit, and in the language of a distant relative of his, he proclaimed to the tenderest of this great mineral belt—the desert, too, is full of gold—"All this will I give thee with will fall down and worship."

"I hold," says he, "the key to the proud purses of Europe. I am the pioneer of all future mining enterprise, and I can call spirits from the vasty deep;" and no one doubts his assertion; but the fact of their coming is another matter, which, no one, alas! seems to believe. Verily, verily, this is a wonderful being; and you, Mr. Editor, have made a gross mistake.

"SILICA."

A Steamship Correspondent Wants to Know.

LOS ANGELES, May 17.—[To the Editor of THE TIMES.] The question is, when an engine with cylinders 18x24, drivers 50 inches diameter, and a steam pressure of 160 pounds, and 10 cylinders, running on a grade 14 per cent., what is the load the engine can haul, besides its own weight, when with its tender, weighs 60 tons (2240 pounds to the ton)? And suppose we enter the grade with 88 miles per hour, when does the momentum of the train cease? LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

[Yes.—Ed.]

American Civilization Crude as Yet. (Boston Traveller.)

"Get money—honestly if you can, but get it any way," is the practical lesson of the times. This tide has even reached that degree where successful robbery on a magnificent scale is condoned; indeed, the requirement of society being that it shall be great enough and successful enough to enable its conqueror to appear in a halo of palatial splendor. The thief who steals small articles is looked up to; the thief who steals millions is referred to as a great operator. The poor woman who steals articles from the dry goods stores is sent to the police station; the rich one is respectfully referred to as a kleptomaniac.

Wealth and poverty wear the rue with a difference. The woman who, be she ever so vulgar, has a palace in New York, a villa at Newport, a retinue of servants, and who costumes herself in diamonds that renders necessary the near attendance of detectives in plain clothes, will find every door of society open to her; because, indeed, she can entertain in splendor, while the woman who is a university graduate and refined, and is the wife of a professional or literary man of modest means, living in an unfashionable street, may remain in social obscurity all her life.

She could bring to society enduring treasure; but society prefers the woman who can bring to it dinners and balls. All this is the unerring indication of a crude phase in our national development. We shall overcome it; scholarship and statesmanship, art and letters shall yet come to their own, but just now we prefer the dinners of Lucullus. America has little time to nourish the sense of beauty, says Mr. Arnold, and this fact is so obvious it needs no rhetoric or illustration.

Puts Him in the shade. (Inter Ocean.)

The St. Louis Dispatch had the unique distinction of being the sole defender of Dan Voorhees prior to his apology for himself to the Senate. His apology puts his champion slightly in the shade.

## REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

## REPUBLICAN STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF CALIFORNIA.

ROOM 28, 419 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, May 4, 1888.

At a meeting of the Republican State Central Committee, held on the above date, it was resolved that a Republican State Convention be called to meet at the city of San Francisco on Tuesday, July 31, 1888, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of nominating eight (8) Presidential Electors and eight (8) alternates, one (1) elector from each Congressional District, and two (2) at large. And to nominate a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California for the unexpired term, and for such other business as may properly come before the convention.

The basis of representation to said convention was made as follows: One delegate from each county; one for each two hundred and fifty votes cast for the Blaine and Logan electors, and for each fraction of one hundred and twenty-five votes or over. The convention will accordingly be composed of four hundred and fifty-eight delegates, apportioned as follows:

Alameda.....	51	Plumas.....	4
Alpine.....	2	Sacramento.....	13
Amador.....	6	San Benito.....	3
Butte.....	10	San Bernardino.....	7
Calaveras.....	6	San Diego.....	7
Colusa.....	2	San Francisco.....	103
Contra Costa.....	7	San Joaquin.....	13
Del Norte.....	2	San Luis Obispo.....	6
El Dorado.....	6	San Mateo.....	6
Fresno.....	6	Santa Barbara.....	5
Humboldt.....	3	Santa Clara.....	10
Inyo.....	2	Santa Cruz.....	6
Kern.....	3	Shasta.....	6
Lake.....	3	Sierra.....	6
Lassen.....	3	Slackpore.....	6
Mariposa.....	3	Solano.....	11
Mendocino.....	4	Sonoma.....	13
Merced.....	4	Stanislaus.....	5
Monterey.....	7	Sutter.....	4
Napa.....	7	Tulare.....	4
Nevada.....	10	Tuolumne.....	4
Norwalk.....	10	Ventura.....	4
Placer.....	6	Yuba.....	6

Delegates to be chosen in such manner as the several county committees shall direct. The committee recommend that where no county proceedings have been taken, the delegates to the State Convention from each Congressional District will form the convention for the nomination of members for Congress, such conventions to be held at such time and place as the various Congressional Districts may order.

Where primary elections are held the committee recommend the following text for voters at such primaries: "All those who will please themselves to vote for the nominees of the Republican party at the coming Presidential and Congressional elections."

By Order of the Committee: J. STEPHENSON, Secretary.

Secretaries of county committees will please forward to these headquarters the names of delegates immediately after their election, so that they may appear properly on the roll of the convention.

## THE GEORGE DALTON, SR., TRACT.

The speculative fever over-Bands, signs, handbills and lances—The past have marked their own—the brighter future now is shown. The ideal city stronger shines—its weakness, strength, no crimes—in this ravine o'er her many charms. The past is dead, its foggy alarms—Are buried with industrial times. The grandest marks pile on pile—The onward march be fit—Noised abroad, the mecca found—Stranger, your great cost, the cost of this great city is found—Only now in its chrysalis. . . . Ten minutes' ride, and no more—A glide through beauty glades—Mid waving trees and smiling flowers—An electric life, and sunny lands. The George Dalton-Sr.-tract is found—The lowest price, easiest terms, time sound—Time is fleeting, not returning—Buy now while the lamp is burning—Of CHAS. VICTOR HALL on the spot, 2914 South Spring, get a lot—See them before you buy—Save Rent, Call and get map, with prices. The tract is corner of Central Avenue and Washington Street. Street cars. Water piped. Price \$600 and upward per lot, with improvements.

## The Edison Electric Light.

One thousand installations, aggregating 1,000,000 incandescent lamps, are now in successful operation in educational institutions, hospitals, hotels, clubs, homes, stores, residences, printing-houses, flour-mills, factories, packing-houses, depots, churches, schools, steamships, mines and street lighting throughout the United States. In the electrical current generated by the Edison system of electrical distribution for incandescent lighting, perfect subdivision of the electrical current is effected by means of a soft power, complete diffusion of a soft power, white light that meets the most exacting requirements. It has never caused the loss of property or life. It offers the highest efficiency per horse power of mechanical energy. It is the most economical. To users of steam plants possessing an available surplus of power, and to tail builders, the Edison system of electrical power, steam plants, etc., will be cheerfully furnished upon application to the Electric Development Company.

Agents for Edison System of Incandescent Lighting, 323 Pine Street, San Francisco. Southern Agency, W. R. DENNISON, Manager, 17 N. Main Street (room 14), Los Angeles.

## NEEDHAM'S

## Voters, Attention.

OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, Los Angeles County, California, March 8, 1888.

Notice is hereby given that a re-registration of the voters of the county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day been ordered, in accordance with section 104, et seq., Political Code.

By order of the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles County, California, C. H. DUNSMOOR, Clerk.

YOU MUST RE-REGISTER.

In order to vote at the coming Presidential election. Don't delay, but register at once. C. H. DUNSMOOR, County Clerk.

## JEWEL

## GRAND.

The Latest and Best Gasoline Stove Made. —DEALERS IN— OIL AND GASOLINE. Plumbing, Roofing and Jobbing. Chapman & Paul, 12 & 14 Commercial St. BRANCH, COR. FIFTH AND SPRING.

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Plumbing, Roofing and Jobbing. Chapman & Paul, 12 & 14 Commercial St. BRANCH, COR. FIFTH AND SPRING.

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## BANKS.

## CALIFORNIA BANK.

Cor. Fort and Second sts, Los Angeles. Subscribed Capital.....\$500,000 Paid-up Capital.....\$500,000

Hervey Lindner, Cashier. J. W. Jones, President. J. Frankendorf, Vice-President. H. C. Wainwright, Treasurer.

T. J. Weldon, Cashier. General Banking and Exchange Business Transacted.

## FARMERS' AND MERCHANTS' BANK.

OF LOS ANGELES. ISAIAS W. HILLMAN, President. L. C. GOODWIN, Vice-President.

Capital.....\$500,000 Surplus and Reserve Fund.....\$100,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—O. W. Childs, Cameron S. Thom, Jose Macacore, J. E. Lankershim, John H. Griffin, Chas. Ducommun, Philip Garnier, Isaias W. Hillman, L. C. Goodwin, Brockmole, W. Childs, Philip Garnier, L. L. Bradbury, Jose Macacore, James H. L. Rose, Domingo Amesty, Cameron S. Thom, Chas. Ducommun, Isaias W. Hillman, P. C. Baker, Andrew Glassell, Louis Foland, Frank Lacourver, Oliver H. Bliss, Jacob Kuhns, Estate D. Solomon, Estate Chris Henne, Sarah J. Lee.

OSO. H. BOWENBAKER, JOHN BRYSON, JR., President. Vice-President.

F. C. HOWES, Cashier.

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UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY. No. 54 North Main St., Los Angeles. CAPITAL.....\$500,000 SURPLUS.....\$50,000

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MOUNTAIN RESORT.

70 MILES FROM LOS ANGELES, 2000 feet from San Bernardino. Altitude 2000 feet. Pure water, and invigorating. 1000 YEAR to superior accommodations. Wonderful mud, mineral and vapor baths famous mineral waters, hot and cold and clear as crystal, and pure, warm air.

Resident physicians, postoffice, telephone, laundry and daily stages to San Bernardino. Address

MANAGER, Arrowhead Springs.

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## VIENNA BAKERY,

Coffee and Lunch Parlors.

Spring and First Sts.

ARE NOW OPEN.

Remember, Coffee is Our Specialty.

R. COHEN, PRO.

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THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

The undersigned have this day been appointed Sole Agents for Southern California for the sale of the "Paragon School Furniture," and are now prepared to quote LOWEST PRICES on all orders for a FIRST-CLASS SCHOOL DESK.

LAZARUS & MEISER, Educational Bookellers, Los Angeles, Cal.

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BISMARCK AT HOME.

HOW THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR LIVES AND WORKS.

An Early Riser—His Big Dogs—A Hot-Tempered Man—His Antagonism to the Jews—Bismarck and Prince William.

[Shahly Hall in New York Sun.] I had an exceedingly interesting talk today with a gentleman, whom I am permitted to describe as a member of Prince Bismarck's household, about the daily life and personal characteristics of the Chancellor. The interview has been revised and approved. It is authentic in every detail.

"The Chancellor," my informant said, "sleeps from six to eight hours, and rises very early in the morning. He lies in a small, plain military bed of the pattern used in military camps. The mattress is almost as hard as a board, and the covering at this time of the year consists of a sheet and a woolen blanket. Many young men would find it next to impossible to sleep on such a couch. It is not true, as often reported in the newspapers, that the Prince eats only one meal a day, and that that meal is prodigious. He eats a light breakfast, a substantial dinner at noon, and takes a biscuit and a single glass of wine before turning in at night. The Prince's doctor, Prof. Schwenninger, restricts his diet to meat, and will not permit him to eat anything but the highest to drink with his meals. This regimen has had the effect of keeping down the Chancellor's weight."

"The Doctor," by the way, has received at times marks of esteem and friendship from the Emperor, who is a successful treatment of Prince Bismarck. Like the late Emperor, the Chancellor takes constant exercise, walking in the park near his palace or occasionally in the streets of Berlin. In the latter case he is, of course, always followed by large crowds.

A SOURCE OF GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

that the swollen veins in his legs will prevent him from ever mounting a horse again. His fondness for dogs knows no bounds. He has four in the palace. His favorite, being an enormous thoroughbred, Danubian wolfhound. There is a kennel or compartment for the accommodation of this splendid brute in the Prince's special traveling car.

"Does the Chancellor," I asked, "take special precautions for his personal safety when he travels?"

"He is guarded by detectives at all times," was the answer, "and his palace is constantly watched by policemen in citizen's attire. His life has been attempted several times. The Chancellor's manner is always stern, even toward his intimates. He is never allowed to overstep the line of ceremonial respect. He has, however, a deep attachment for several of his old retainers, and shows it by remembering their birthdays every year with a suitable present."

"His temper is always a thing of level and complacent beauty by any means, and when he loses it his language is picturesque. Despite his firmness, he is loved by his attendants, secretaries and assistants. His intense Germanism is unquestioned, shown by his tenacity in clinging to the old-fashioned German letters, never using Latin letters under any circumstances. He speaks all important languages. His Russian is wonderfully skillful for a foreigner. The Chancellor writes with broad gray quills, which he uses up at a great rate when writing rapidly. He writes in a uniform as General of the Brandenburg Cuirassiers, consisting, in undress, of a dark military frock coat, with a yellow collar and braid and broad stripes on the trousers. His full-dress uniform is more showy, and is immediately becoming to the Emperor, who consists of a white tunic with gold-facings, a cuirass, white riding breeches and high boots."

"Does he still preserve his attitude of bitter antagonism to the Jews?" asked the Sun's correspondent.

"Yes," was the answer. "He is as strong and antisemitic as ever, and is supposed to have assisted Stocker in his campaign against the Jews. The love and admiration of Bismarck's life is the present Crown Prince. Justice and sentiment, and especially the Chancellor's elder son, Count Herbert Bismarck, is being brought up to succeed his famous father, but doubts of the success of the plan are innumerable. There is a younger son, a son of the late Countess Rantzau, whom the old Chancellor is very fond."

"The Chancellor is, at his best when strolling in his garden with his dog and contemplatively smoking an old-fashioned china bowl German pipe, such as persons are often seen to smoke in the Man of Blood and Iron, and yet, with all his austerity, absolutism and inflexibility he has qualities of loyalty and fairness in his personal dealings that bind men to him and make them firm admirers of a remarkably well-rounded and consistent character."

OUR GREAT ALASKAN PROVINCE.

A reporter of the American met at the Maxwell House last night Mr. Reed, who has lived in Alaska 18 years. Contrary to the popular belief, Alaska, by Mr. Reed's statement, is at least about the coast, a climate without extremes of heat and cold. The thermometer rarely or never goes below zero at Juneau, the metropolis of the country, and is never uncomfortably hot. The explanation is that the coast of Alaska is under the genial influence of the Japanese Sea currents, corresponding in their effects with the well-known influences of the Gulf Stream upon the Atlantic seaboard. In the interior the cold is extreme, and the country extends into the Arctic circle. Though Southeastern Alaska is but 85 miles wide, the extent of Alaska, as given by Mr. Reed, is simply astounding. Run a straight line west from San Francisco into the Pacific Ocean, and one will reach the center of the possessions of the United States, as the great Alexander Archipelago, or group of islands, belonging to our Alaskan possessions, extend nearly to Japan. The distance from that point north to Sitka, the capital of Alaska, is 1600 miles. The great river of Alaska, the Yukon, is 2500 miles long, and is navigable for a greater portion of the year. There are 1100 islands in this group of islands, and all the property of the people of the United States. We are at the mere beginning of our knowledge of this great country, and popular legends have not yet ceased about our Government's purchase of this supposed edge of the earth. The subject has recently received a deal of light by the explorations of Lieut. Henry A. Carey, of the Second United States Cavalry, made in 1885, and just published by the Washington authorities. This is a report of an exploration of the Copper River and Koyukuk rivers for the purpose of obtaining all our knowledge of this great country.

and important, especially to the military branch of the Government, though there is not at this time a soldier in the entire territory. At present there is a Governor, one Judge and a United States Marshal, and all civil suits are tried by United States Commissioners. The country contains about 20,000 people, 5000 of whom are Americans. The remainder are natives, a kind of cross between the Indian and the Russian, though this is at best a very indefinite suggestion of the complexion and origin of the race. They are as peaceable a people as any in the world and are easily amenable to governmental and educational influences, and \$25,000 per annum is appropriated by the United States Government for the maintenance of public schools.

AN ARMY OF DETECTIVES.

What the Proposed Iowa Liquor Law Will Entail.

[Oswald Inquirer.] Some of the prohibitionists of Iowa, dissatisfied with the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court permitting interstate commerce in liquors, have prepared a bill for introduction in the State Legislature which they believe will reduce to a vanishing point the evil of liquor importations. This bill provides for the creation of a State inspector of liquors for Iowa, and is based on the recognized police powers of a State to prevent the sale of impure food or drink. It is easy to understand why people would object to an official examination and branding of liquors, especially if it involved the danger of confiscation and public odium. A natural result would be to lessen the purchase of the goods unless an absolute necessity.

The bill provided that the Governor shall appoint one person, a practical chemist and physician, a State inspector of intoxicating liquors, who, with the approval of the Governor, shall appoint a suitable number of deputies to examine all intoxicants shipped into the State, without unnecessary delay. A common carrier having a consignment of such liquors from a point without the State must notify the inspector or a deputy before delivering the goods, stating the consignor, the brand, and the destination. The inspector must examine and analyze such liquors, and make three certificates setting forth the kind and quantity and its several ingredients. If the liquor be of approved purity and free from substances dangerous to life, he must certify to the health of the liquor, and on payment of a fee the common carrier is to receive an order to deliver the liquor to the consignee. If the liquor be not up to the standard, it is to be marked "condemned." The common carrier is not to deliver to any person in Iowa, but may, on paying inspection fee, reship to the consignor. If "approved" one certificate of analysis shall go to the consignee, one to the Clerk of the District Court and the third to be filed by the inspector.

If liquors be condemned, the inspector shall notify the Sheriff, stating the kind, quantity, the kinds of vessel and place of storage. If the carrier fail to reship within 24 hours after condemnation, the Sheriff shall seize and remove the same to a place of safekeeping. The inspector's notification shall be his authority. If no person claims the liquor within five days the Sheriff shall destroy it and file a report of his act with the Clerk of the District Court. Any person claiming the condemned liquor may appeal to a justice of the peace, filing a bond for costs, and the Sheriff must hold the liquor. A public hearing is to be held, and the claimant must undertake to prove the purity of the liquor and his legal right to its possession under Iowa laws.

Undoubtedly the bill will meet with a very warm opposition, principally on the ground of expense. There are 13,000 railroad stations in Iowa, and it would be necessary to appoint a deputy inspector for every one of them, with traveling expenses were allowed from point to point, and this would, of course, be part of the cost of inspection. As the session of the Iowa Legislature is now far advanced, the bill is not likely to be passed this year, and it is mentioned here only as an interesting development of the fight now in progress in that State.

Gen. Crook in Shasta.

[Shasta Courier.] A quarter of a century ago, while hiding the season of the restless commander, but only drawing the pay of a captain, Gen. Crook founded, by authority, Fort Crook, in Shasta county, and the hewn-log quarters of the soldiers, commissary store and other buildings were nearly all still standing when he left the place some 15 years ago. It was Gen. Crook who first broke the power and humbled the warlike Pit River tribe of Indians, a warlike and athletic race, who for centuries lorded the land from the wide spread mouth of Pit to its source away at Goose Lake, the border line of the determined Modocs, whose name will ever be associated with the massacre of Gen. Canby and Peace Commissioner Thomas, and the wounding of Meacham. In the war of the Rebellion, and in the sedentary warfare against the Apaches in Arizona, a murderous tribe, which he would have extinguished from the earth had he been properly supported by the Government, which too often pays the way to those universal thieves and sneaking scoundrels, United States Indian agents and army contractors. Gen. Crook is a native of Alabama, 60 years of age, and is still agile and sinewy as in the days when his bronze face and erect form was mirrored and reflected back as he strode by the crystal waters of Pit, Fall River and Hat Creek.

Crook's promotions have always been tardy, and for the reason, as we believe, that the influence of the Indian agent contractors ring which was always erect form was mirrored and reflected back as he strode by the crystal waters of Pit, Fall River and Hat Creek. Crook's promotions have always been tardy, and for the reason, as we believe, that the influence of the Indian agent contractors ring which was always erect form was mirrored and reflected back as he strode by the crystal waters of Pit, Fall River and Hat Creek.

Where Are the Kascas?

[Inter Ocean.] What has become of the old Democratic cry of four years ago: "On the books!" "The Kascas!" "Turn the Kascas out!" They have the office and opened the books, but where is the "Kascas" that was going to be exposed? A Frank Admission. When Long John Wentworth was asked to join a church he shouted: "Ask for a check and you can have it, but any church that is willing to take me as a member is not fit for me to belong to."

Called on Their Masters.

[San Francisco Post.] Gov. Waterman and Private Secretary Boruck were down at Fourth and Townsend streets this morning and bowed three times before the great railroad magnates.

Do Kind Deeds Now.

[Unknown Author.] Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with cheering words while their hearts can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffin send to brighten and

A LANDMARK GONE.

The Old Southern Hotel at San Bernardino.

[San Bernardino Index.] The Old Southern Hotel, now being torn down to make room for a newer and more modern building, was a landmark of this part of the State, and if its old adobe walls could speak what a tale they could unfold. Alone it stood in the midst of the prosperous growth and metropolitan surroundings of the present day, a monument to a past decade, a bygone time when San Bernardino was the home of the Mormons and the very outpost of civilization. But now it has gone, and there is taken with it the only reminder left of the early history of this city.

The hotel was built early in the '60's, by John F. and Esther Miller, of adobe bricks, there being none other to be had, which were made and sun-dried on the lot in the rear of the building. Upon its completion it was christened the Bella Union Hotel, and opened up as a hostelry to adventurous spirits that at that early day sought wealth in this land of gold and climate. It was successively managed by Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. Kenniston and Mr. Brunn at different periods of its history, and upon its purchase in 1870 by Mr. Chris Kurtz, the present owner, the name was changed to the Southern Hotel, under which title it has opened its doors to the weary public ever since.

While the dark clouds of civil strife were hovering over the country, and man dare not even trust his brother, it was the stopping-place of the politicians and every adventurer, a politician himself during the war. Many a hot word-battle took place beneath its roof on the merits of either side during that fierce four-years' dissection, and methinks if those walls could speak they would pour forth a tale of conflict, of death, among the many rough and outworn partisans of those early and bitter days. The block adjoining the adobe building on the south was built by Mr. and Mrs. Mer, and the lot just south of that, now occupied by the postoffice building, was donated to the Masonic fraternity of this city by those liberal people. The property whereon the Southern Hotel stands was bought of Mr. Katz by Mr. Miller some time before the war. After the war, Mr. Miller, he, after leaving this city and went out to the Mojave desert, where he subsequently died. Mrs. Miller has since remarried and is now a resident of this city.

On the event of Grant's first election and while the battle raged in the East, it was still fresh in the minds of the people a great banquet and ball was given in the building, and it was hard work for the more peaceful citizens to prevent a fresh outbreak, so bitter was the feeling and the factions so evenly divided.

Good-bye, old adobe; it is hard to see the old pioneers like yourself go, but an era of progression has come over the city, and it is necessary that you should make way for the later and more advanced buildings. The old adobe building, which was a landmark of this city, is now being torn down to make room for a newer and more modern building.

OFFICIAL RED TAPE.

The Work Caused by the Return of a Two-cent Stamp.

A letter signed with initials and mailed at the Washington postoffice received at the Shasta County office Department. The writer inclosed a two-cent stamp, with the following explanatory remark for the benefit of the Postmaster-General:

"I received a letter through your office yesterday. The cancelling stamp failed to cancel the stamp, and the stamp-off and used it. Now, my conscience has got the best of me. You will please find enclosed a two-cent stamp to go to the Conscience Fund."

As it was not money the stamp was sent to the Treasury Department, where there is a special fund for the benefit of those who are overcome by the pangs of conscience. The letter was sent on the official round, and as much ink and good paper was consumed in recording its reception in the department and its final disposition as if it had been a 10,000 dollar bill of a sickly 2-cent stamp. It was first of all recorded in the book of letters received in the Postmaster-General's office, and was then sent, as indorsed by the chief clerk, to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General. It reached the latter office. It was referred by the Third Assistant Postmaster-General to the finance division. Another record was made in the book of the office of letters received and jacketed. Then it found its way to the finance division, where it was divided into two parts. One part was stamped with the stamp on the letter, drew two cross marks through the stamp with his pen and marked under it the word "canceled," and signed his name. This operation was witnessed by a clerk, who affixed his name to the letter, and then the letter having reached the end of its red tape journey was duly and properly deposited in the files, where it will remain as evidence to future generations that this petty larceny upon the Government was registered and officially attested for. In case the citizen whose conscience was disturbed wishes to establish the fact that he has made restitution he can refer to the documents in the case, which the Postoffice Department will kindly preserve for him without charge.

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Let that cold of yours go now.

You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption. Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself. The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead. All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs can be relieved by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it and "know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

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